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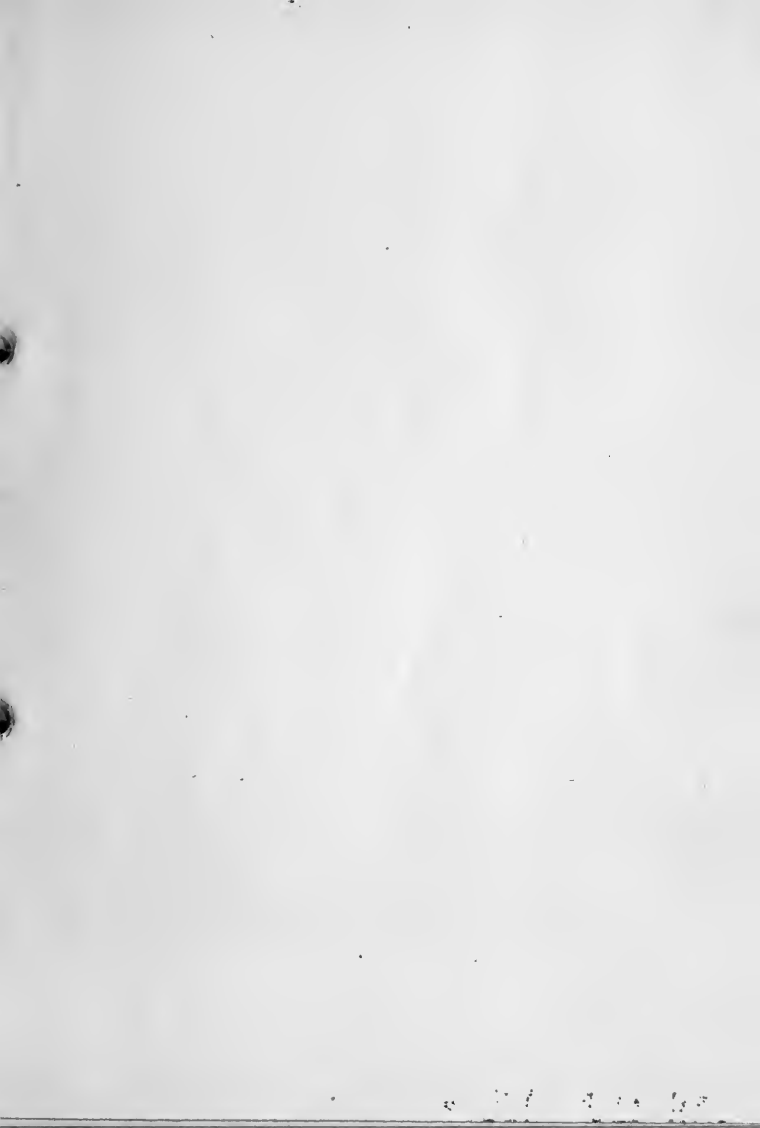
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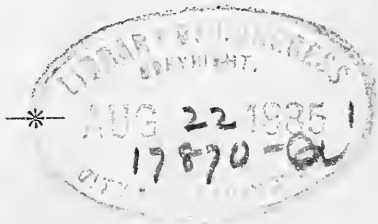
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AN IDYL,

—BY—

MARCUS BLAKEY ALLMOND, A.M.

AUTHOR OF

"ESTELLE AND OTHER POEMS."



JOHN P. MORTON & CO.
LOUISVILLE, KY.
1885.

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MARCUS BLAKEY ALLMOND, A. M.



N Easter-tide—'t was years ago.

The sunlight shone upon the earth,
The green grass took a greener hue,
The young leaves gladdened at their birth.
The bird sang on the bush and tree,
The flower timidly looked forth
And smiled because she did not see
The icy foot-prints of the North.
The Easter bells, in low sweet tones,
Rang out within the village near,
And fell a welcome message on
Full many an eager list'ning ear.
The village folk, in simple wise,
The old and young, the rich and poor,
With all the neighb'ring farm-folk, came
Their risen Saviour to adore.
For aged parents laid to rest,
For children who had shunned earth's strife,
Each stricken couple read, "I am
The Resurrection and the Life."

In faith believing, their response
Was fresh and sweet, and pure and true.
In faith believing, man and wife
A richer consolation knew.
The widow, in her weeds of woe,
With features still with suff'ring rife,
Bent low her brow, and read, " I am
The Resurrection and the Life."
The orphans and their father stood,
Bereft of mother and of wife,
And each responding read, " I am
The Resurrection and the Life."
And one there was whose jewels shone
Amid her silks and laces fine,
Whose form was as a sylph's for grace,
Whose features were almost divine;
She bowed with all the country-folk,
But still the city's wonted air
Disclosed itself in all she did,
And told her rearing unaware.

And there within a neighb'ring pew
A stalwart form and noble brow,
An honest-hearted reverent man
Met each response with humble bow.
And thus in measure as complete,
As beats the drum unto the fife,
From pews apart they read, "I am
The Resurrection and the Life."
Her tones were sweet. Her eyes looked up,
And her fair beauty cast its spell;
His heart began to whisper words
His better judgment thought not well.
For she was child of love and wealth,
And he the son of honest toil,
Whose legacy was but his health
And some small gift of God's good soil.
She rode the boulevards in silk;
He walked the fields all ill bedight.
She knew the slumb'rous couch of ease,
And he to labor morn and night.

But days went by, and then they met,
And, having met, would meet again.
The ecstasy of his delight
Foreran the ecstasy of pain.
For oh! to meet and merely meet,
And oh! to go and leave unsaid
The one dear thing that you would say—
This is a fate you well may dread.

AT length for old acquaintance' sake
They walked unto a neighb'ring hill;
The landscape lay a charming scene,
So fresh, so beautiful, and still.
She spoke of God's sweet realms of peace,
And gladdened at the noble thought,
"Rich is the heart that bows to Him,
And learns the lessons He has taught."
He stood amazed. This child of wealth,
This fondling of the city's best,
In all the ways of fashion set,


In all the garbs of fashion dressed,
What! she, as he, an humble man
Who labored for his daily bread,
Could feel the touch of God's sweet peace,
And bow to Him her jeweled head!
It was a revelation grand ;
Here was a common ground where he
Might meet her, and, in meeting, feel
Himself the freest of the free ;
For oh! the country far and wide,
The brook, the meadow, and the wood,
Spoke volumes of the Master's love,
That goes about still doing good.
And as he told her what he saw
In all those wondrous scenes that lay
In skies above, on earth beneath,
Her eyes would glow at what he'd say.
And then in turn she took the theme
Of that late life that she had spent
Amid the social circle's round,

With its wild, feverish discontent.
Oh! she had often sighed, she said,
For one sweet breath of God's good truth,
For one dear heart whose wealth was but
Its trust in God and laughing youth ;
" Strength, manhood, faith in God and man,
Love leal and tender unto me,
My woman's heart would not exchange
For any other legacy.

To work at good, and wait for Time
To bring the harvest when he can—
This is the calling and the mark
Of what I deem a real man."

The sunlight on her diamonds shone,
The golden brooch gleamed on her breast ;
More rich than gold or diamonds then
Her woman's soul stood there confessed.
The beauty of the face is well,
And glads the heart in wondrous wise,
But beauty of the soul will make

That beauty Love's far nobler prize.
Anew his love glowed with delight ;
He saw the gulf that stood apart
Begin to close the yawning depth
That lay between his and her heart.

 GAIN 't was in the Easter-tide,
And bells within the village near
Rang out a welcome message on
Full many an eager list'ning ear.
The village folk, in simple wise,
The old and young, the rich and poor,
With all the neighb'ring farm-folk, came
Their risen Saviour to adore.
For aged parents laid to rest,
For children who had shunned earth's strife,
Each stricken couple read, " I am
The Resurrection and the Life."
In faith believing, their response
Was fresh and sweet, and pure and true.

In faith believing, man and wife
A richer consolation knew ;
The widow, in her weeds of woe,
With features still with suff'ring rife,
Bent low her brow, and read, " I am
The Resurrection and the Life."
The orphans and their father stood,
Bereft of mother and of wife,
And each responding read, " I am
The Resurrection and the Life."
And two in measure as complete
As beats the drum unto the fife,
From out the same pew read, " I am
The Resurrection and the Life."

THE Easter day was passing out,
The Easter sun was sinking low ;
They moved in quiet converse on,
A measured step and wondrous slow.
We know not how it came about,


But on that afternoon he told
A story that is ever new,
And yet a story ever old.
She did not say him yes or nay,
But still he knew her meaning true :
Her hand—it lingered just a bit
That evening when she bade adieu.


WHEN next they met, the city's glare
Shone round them in a golden sheen ;
She moved amid the regal halls
The very image of a queen.
He found her quite as welcoming
As she was ever wont to be—
But that was all. The rest, he found,
Were not so glad by half as she.
Her father had a stately step,
A hand that was so icy cold ;
His every action seemed to say—
“I've locked and sealed my chest of gold.”

“I care not,” thought Agricola,
“For hands and brains can work their way,
And laughing love that’s leal and true
Will win the battle any day.”
He told her, when ’t was opportune,
He was, he hoped, a real man—
Would “work at good, and wait for Time
To bring the harvest when he can.”
She begged him not be rash to ask
A hand that could not bring a dower—
“Who misses all the golden fruit
What cares he for the orange flower?”
He told her he had arms of strength,
A heart all full of love and youth—
A field well tilled and filled with seed
Of God’s own tender, loving truth.
She reached her little hand to his,
Looked up into his eyes and said,
“Strength, manhood, faith in God and man,
Love leal and tender—these I’ll wed.”

THEY wedded, and the country round
Knew not a sweeter gift than this,
The royal life that God had made
The flowing fountain of his bliss.
His arms with newer strength now wrought,
His brain a quicker impulse found ;
The fruit-trees bent beneath their load,
The grain-yield cumbered all the ground ;
It was not Wealth, but Plenty stood
And smiled a welcome at the door ;
Love laughs at Deprivation oft,
And sweet Content is never poor.
When two young hearts are knit with love,
And two young souls blend into one,
If prayer and patience with them dwell
Then will success crown what's begun.
His work was hard ; his rest was sweet ;
The farm-house knew a single heart.
She willed, he wished ; she said, he did ;
This was her portion and his part.

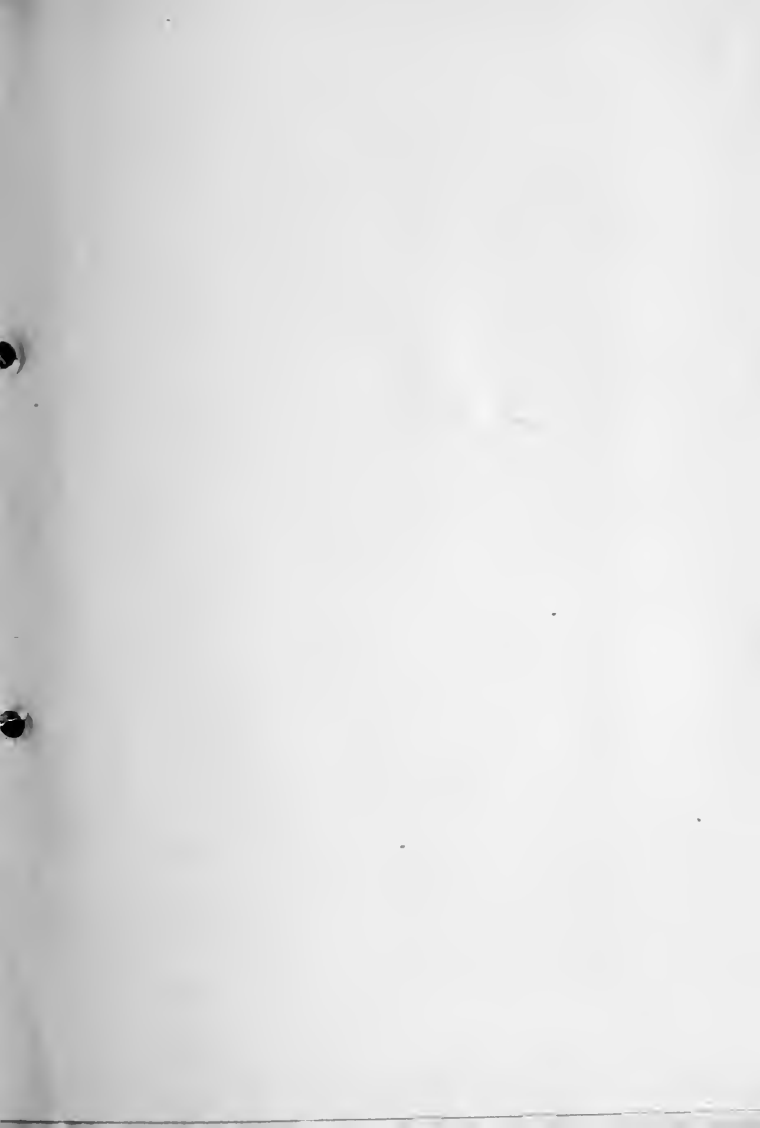
For strength, that is heroic strength,
Bows gently to the loving hand
That blesses earth while yet it points
The way unto the better land.
And she led onward and he bowed
Himself unto her gentle sway ;
'T was Love that ushered in the morn
And Love that ushered out the day.

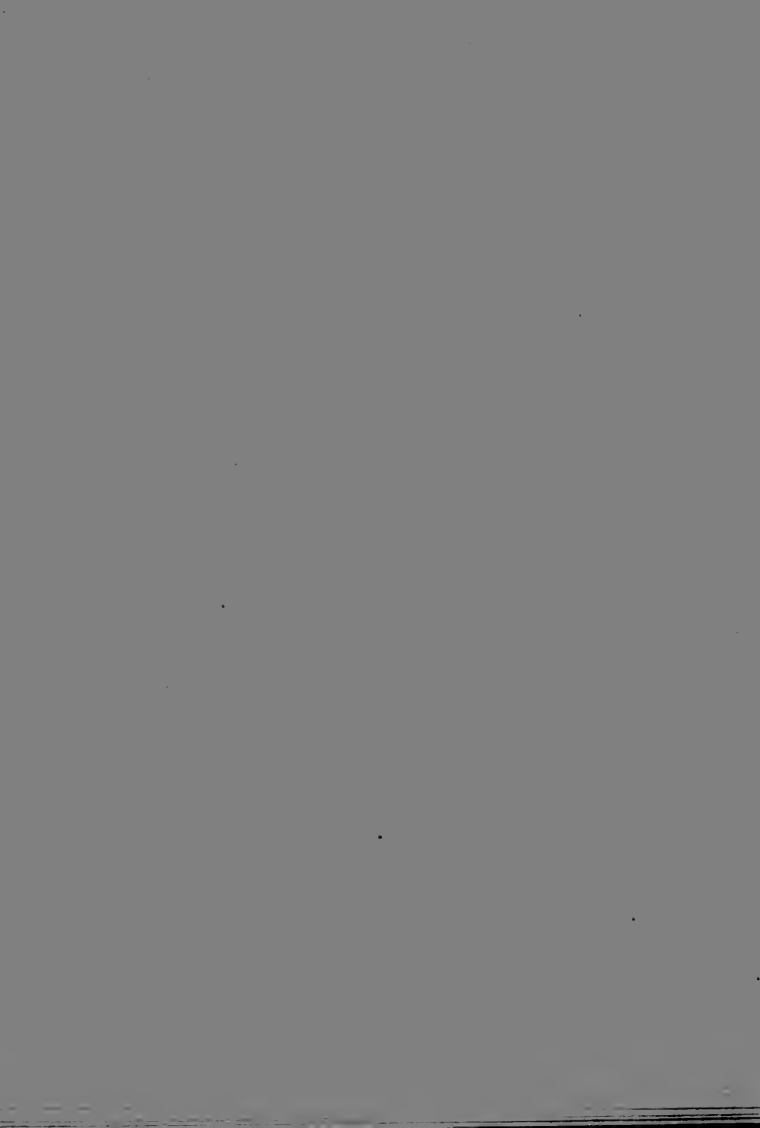
 LAS! alack! an hour there came
She sank to slumber on his breast ;
His arms he folded round her form ;
He laid her with her God at rest.

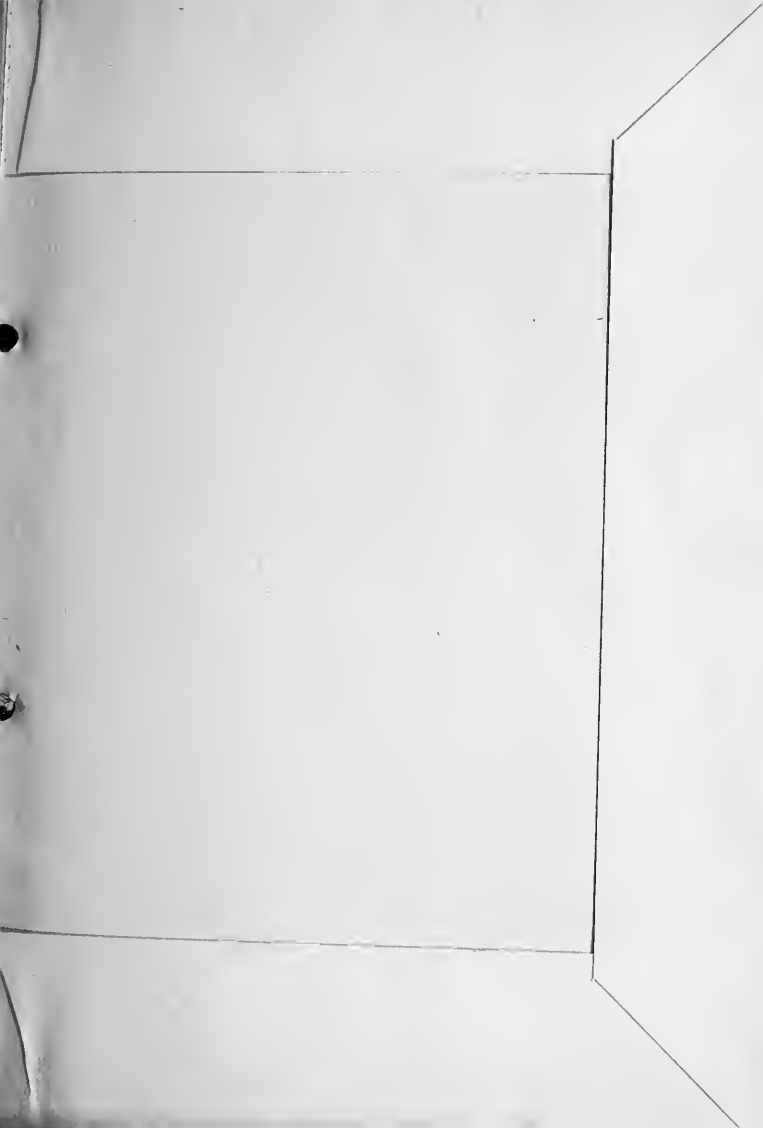
 NCE more the glad world welcomes in,
O Easter-tide, thy holy hour,
And April renders sweet thy path
With song of bird and bloom of flower.
The agéd heart renews its faith,
The youthful heart is glad with glee,
And Memory counts the things that were,

While Hope dreams of the things to be.
The village folk, in simple wise,
The old and young, the rich and poor,
With all the neighboring farm-folk, come
Their risen Saviour to adore.
For aged parents laid to rest,
For children who have shunned earth's strife,
Each stricken couple reads, "I am
The Resurrection and the Life."
The widow, in her weeds of woe,
With features still with suff'ring rife,
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Bereft of mother and of wife,
And each responding reads, "I am
The Resurrection and the Life."
In faith believing, their response
Is fresh and sweet, and pure and leal.
In faith believing, each and all
A richer consolation feel.

And one there is who stands within
And dreams of her he called his wife.
In faith believing, reads, " I am
The Resurrection and the Life."
And as he stands and makes response
And rests his head upon his hand,
He catches through the shadows round
Fair glimpses of the better land,
And sees a face as fair and sweet
As ever angel faces are ;
And in her hand a palm-branch is,
And on her brow a risen star.
And then from out that holy realm
He hears the sweet voice of his wife
Unite with his, and read, " I am
The Resurrection and the Life."
And then his rapt soul seems at length
To be within that endless day
Where hearts that love and hands that join
Are one forever and for aye.







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